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VOICES OF THE MORNING

J. A. Edgerton

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VOICES OF THE MORNING

BY

JAMES ARTHUR EDGERTON

CHICAGO
CHARLES H KERR & COMPANY
1898

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By James Arthur Edgerton.

PREFACE.

I have had a dream of an American literature—not one aping the older literatures, but one breathing American life, one filled with the new aspirations of the world. I believe it will come, and that its beginning is close at hand. Near the end of every century has been a great literary awakening. Why not now?

The need of this age is originality. We live too much among the pictures of our fathers. Nature is all around us, but we are not satisfied with Nature, and must needs take the imitation some one has made of her. Our creeds, our laws, our customs, our very thoughts, are furnished to us ready-made.

Yet the stars are as wonderful now as at the birth of the first man. There is as much inspiration in the dawn, as much beauty in the day, as in any age that is gone. Fields are as green, skies as blue, life as joyous, death as mysterious. There are as burning questions now as of yore. Why should our age be one in which men dig in the graves of the past? Why not investigate, why not create, for ourselves? We have all the opportunities—the whole field of the Infinite is before us. Why this cry of a dearth of material? Never was material more abundant. We lack the workmen.

There are new demands, new possibilities. The questions of to-day; the home life about us; the struggles, the

hopes, the fears, of the present; the glorious promise of the future—all these invite our attention. The men who labor are coming to the front. The army of the poor is struggling up. We are gaining more sympathy. .We are coming more to a feeling of brotherhood. The world wants to be told of these things. The heart-chord of this age will vibrate as those of ages gone before—if we but find it.

We are but at the dawn of the world. With a reverence for what has gone, let us turn unto the new.

As for these fragments, they will stand for what they are worth—no more. They were written in the chance hours of a busy life. I make no claim to art and expect little commendation from professed literary artists. That seems to me the only true art which comes nearest to Nature; which paints the world as it is; which deals with the humblest, as well as the highest; which speaks from the heart; which interprets the aspirations of mankind. Poetry is the voice of the divinity within us; nor does it concern the beautiful alone, but the true and the good; for the three are inseparable.

From those who work with their hands, the common people, I come; with them my life has been spent. My heart goes out to them I confess I am more solicitous to please them than any self-elected school of literary critics. If I can voice some of the longings of the great struggling masses; if I can stir their hearts to freer thought and broader ambition; if I can show some of the wrong of the time and some of the possibilities of the right—a higher humanity and a fuller charity for all—I will be satisfied.

But, whatever my fate, for that chorus of song which is to come no heart can more ardently long than does mine; and in our own America, the chief exponent of the new thought of the world, may its sweetest voices be heard.

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PRELUDE.

The morning, the morning,
The rosy child of dawn;
When night has fled before her face,
And all the stars are gone;
The dew is on the rose-leaf,
The violets ope their eyes,
In the morning, the morning,
To greet the new sunrise.

The morning, the morning,
Inspires my heart with hope,
For, through the portals of the dawn,
I see new futures ope.
There shines a golden promise
To all humanity;
And the morning, the morning,
Reveals it unto me.

The morning, the morning!
No time is half so fair,
As when her smile is on the hills,
Her music in the air.
There's glory in the dawn-time,
Oh, I would give a voice
To the morning, the morning,
And bid the world rejoice.

VOICES OF THE MORNING

BETTER DAYS.

Better days are coming, while the earth swings ever dawnward.
On the Future's mountain tops the morning light is breaking.
War and hate are dying out. The race is moving onward.
Better days are coming and the people are awaking.

Better days are coming. Love from man to man is growing.
Unto peace and brotherhood the whole world now is tending.
God is over us. The fount of mercy still is flowing.
Better days are coming and the evil ones are ending.

Better days are coming. The sweet lessons of the Master
Have a meaning new to us, contain a hidden promise,

Shining to us through our present darkness and disaster.
Better days are coming and the night is passing from us.

Better days are coming; each will love and help the others;
All will work together, happy, prosperous, contented;
This the hidden lesson is Christ taught us: We are brothers.
Better days are coming, when the reign of greed is ended.

Better days are coming unto all the lands and races.
The old century is dying; the old evils weaken.
The new dawn of the new era lights a billion faces.
Better days are coming. Through the dark Hope shines, a beacon.

Better days are coming. Tell it to the hopeless toiler.
Bid him rise to manhood and the chains that bind him sever;
Smite the tyrant, the oppressor, robber and despoiler.
Better days are coming that will free the world forever.

Better days are coming. Tell the sweet and joyful
story.
Take it up, ye million voices, till the world is
humming
With the wondrous prophecy of gladness, hope and
glory.
Better days are coming, brothers, better days are
coming.

THE TWO ROADS.

I.

Two roads appeared before me at my youth.
One led through pleasant ways, by purling streams,
Through groves of shady trees, flanked on each side
By palaces; and at its farther end
Shone forth the words, "pleasure," "success," and
wealth."
Thousands appeared about its entrance. Few
Came to the goals upon the farther side;
But these few lived in luxury and ease.
They were the great of earth, the rich, the proud.
They toiled not, yet they ruled; and this was named,
"The world's way to prosperity and power."

The other road lay over rocks and thorns,
Rugged acclivities and desert wastes.
Its sides were lined with hovels of the poor.
Along this way appeared the words, "defeat,"
"Sorrow," "abuse," and "poverty." The goals
About the farther end, if such there were,
Were hidden in obscurity and mist.
Few went upon this pathway. They were jeered
And scoffed at by the crowd; and this was named.
"The way of good unto your fellowmen."

Two roads appeared before me at my youth:
And while debating which one I should choose,
A still, small voice spoke to my soul and said,
"The way of thorns is thine. Thou art not fit
To struggle with the crowd that lives for pelf.
The way of thorns is thine. It was foredoomed.
Then that way go." And, though I wept, I went.

II.

I sat me down beside the weary road.
"And what a fool was I," I moaned, "to leave
The path of flowers to take this stony way,
The path of thorns, where only sorrow comes
To me, and poverty and wretchedness!
Ah, what a fool was I!" Then spake the voice,
In accents scornful, "Dost repent thy choice?
Well, then, thou art a fool; and more than that
Thou art a coward." Then in gentler tone:
"And art thou poor? Yet others have not where
To lay their heads, and ask for alms and die.
And dost thou want? Yet others starve for food,
While others sell their souls to eke out life.
And art thou weary? Others are faint to death.
And dost thou grieve? Others have broken hearts.
Look, there is sorrow round about the world.
See, there is anguish 'mid the suffering poor.
Hear, there are moans of misery in the lands.

Men crush their brothers down into the dust.
Power walks with heavy tread upon the necks
Of those who toil that it may live and rule.
All gates to happiness are barred with gold.
They open but to greed and avarice.
The selfishness of the hard-hearted few
Makes millions weep. Justice is bought and sold;
And liberty has grown a hollow name.
Foul superstition sits upon a throne.
She warps and dwarfs the souls of those she rules
And robs them while they pray. Thieves lord the world;
And honesty seems banished to the poor.
This earth might be a paradise. 'Tis made
By human brutes all that we dream of hell."

"Thou art thy brother's keeper," said the voice.
"He who is gifted with the mind and heart
To know and feel the misery and wrong
Placed on his fellows, and who will not strive
With his small might to lift the galling load,
And better make the world, does not deserve
To be called Man, for he defiles the name.

And wouldst thou stop because the way is rough?
And wouldst thou pause because thy heart is sore?
Look at the larger griefs of all the race.
Take up thy burden and perform thy part.' '

Then in a tone of joy the voice said, "Look.
The veil is raised a moment from the goal."
Obeying, at my pathway's end I saw
A light that seemed as though it were a dawn;
And then it seemed as a supernal glow
Poured in a radiant glory from above;
And in the midst of it a single word
Shone like a benediction. It was: "Right."

"This," said the voice, "shall be thy recompense.
Though sorrow should attend thee all thy days;
Though thou shouldst fall at last in dreamless dust;
And though not one small word of fame should come
Unto thee living and none at thy tomb;
Still canst thou hold a better gift than these:
The final consciousness of duty done,
Which puts a smile upon the face of death.
Go onward, then. Thy efforts shall not fail.
No work for liberty was e'er in vain.
It will bear fruitage in the after time,
When like a crown of halo comes the end:
A race delivered and a world redeemed."

IT IS COMING.

How bright, how sweet, this world would be,
If men could live for others!
How sweet, how bright,
How full of light,
This life, if justice, truth and right
Were once enthroned; if men were free;
If men would all be brothers!

And is this nothing but a dream?
Must wrong go on forever?
Must poverty
Forever be,
And selfish greed and tyranny?
Must hate and strife be still supreme
And love and peace come never?

No. I will not believe it. No.
God still reigns somewhere, brother.
Somewhere, sometime,
The race will climb
Above its selfishness and crime;
Will gentler, nobler, happier, grow;
And men will love each other.

The morn is rising soft and bright.
The way grows light before us.
Cheer, brother, cheer.
Through doubt, through fear,
The world grows better, year by year;
And fast and bright a day of light
Will spread its white wings o'er us.

IT IS TIME.

In this age, when gold is king,
Seated on a brazen throne;
When 'tis thought the proper thing,
To rate men by what they own;
When the brute is more and more
And the spirit, less and less;
When the world is lorded o'er
By corruption and excess;
It is time that men of worth
Boldly step into the van,
With this message to the earth:
Down with Mammon, up with Man.

We have seen the idler feast,
While the toiler lacked for bread.
We have seen the king and priest
Rob the living and the dead.
We have seen the thief arrayed
In the purple robes of state,
While the honest man was made
To beg succor at his gate.
It has ever been the same
Since this reign of wealth began.

Let us stop the sickening game.
Down with Mammon, up with Man.

Earth is far too wise and old
For a lordling or a slave;
To respect a band of gold
On the forehead of a knave;
Far too old for war and hate;
Old enough for brotherhood;
Wise enough to found a state,
Where men seek each other's good.
We have worked for self too long.
Let us try a better plan:
Let us labor for the throng.
Down with Mammon, up with Man.

Many of the brightest, best,
Of the earth were counted poor.
Some possessed "not where to rest;"
Others toiled and hardship bore.
Homer, at the dawn of Greece,
Sung and begged from day to day.
Buddha, born with palaces,
Flung the baubles all away.
Wealth is by the devil prized.
God has cursed it with a ban.
Let us hear the pauper, Christ.
Down with Mammon, up with Man.

O, my people, will you heed?
Be no more like beasts of prey.
Turn from selfishness and greed.
Let us find a nobler way.
From the worn-out lies of old,
Let us make the whole world free.
Down with kings and priests and gold.
Up with God, Humanity.
Lust for gain breeds hate and crime.
Let us crush it while we can.
Let us bring the better time.
Down with Mammon, up with Man.

I WOULD SING OF THE FUTURE.

On the topmost twig of a tree
A little bird sits and sings,
While the light of the morn glints merrily
On the burnished hue of his wings;
A song of love and gladness sings he
That over the woodland rings.

He sings a song of love,
Of peace, of joy, of rest.
He sings of the happy sky above
And his happy mate in her nest.
He sings of the summer days that move
To the golden light of the West.

O, bird, had I half thy joy,
Had I half thy madness of mirth,
I would sing a song of a brighter sky
Bending over a happier earth;
When wrong and greed from the world shall die,
And the better day has birth.

I would sing of a greater Greece
Rising out of a fairer sea;

When the world shall give her best increase
And her bounty to all is free;
When the earth at last may rest in peace,
And all men brothers be.

THE FUTURE.

The world is young.
'Tis but the morning of the human race.
The night-like ages that have passed away,
Do they seem long? They are the merest span,
A moment in Eternity, an hour
In the full day of human destiny.

The world is young.
The Golden Age lies onward, not behind.
The pathway through the Past has led us up.
The pathway through the Future will lead on
And higher. We are rising from the beast,
Unto the Christ and human brotherhood.

The world is young;
And the New Time is filled with glorious days.
We've tarried in the wilderness of wrong,
And worshipped there an image made of gold;
But now we leave it for the mountain-tops,
To see the promised land of better things.

The world is young;
And God is good; and Truth, victorious;
And Right and Love and Virtue stir us yet;

And Christ is living and we follow him.
See, brothers, see, the night is on the wane,
And all the hills are blossoming with morn.

The world is young.
Why should we be the slaves of ancient wrong?
Why manacled by old and out-worn lies?
When all the morrows hang upon to-day.
We, being slaves, enslave the coming years.
Then let us rise to manhood and be free.

The world is young.
A voice from out the Future, trumpet-clear,
Is calling: "Rise and smite the tyrant down,
The tyrant Greed, that rules o'er all the earth,
The foe of Love and Good and all things high.
O, rise and smite him down and save mankind."

The world is young;
And still the voice from out the Future calls:
"Think on your children. Save them from your wrongs.
Let not the curse, that falls on you, reach them.
O, rise and battle for the yet unborn,
For they are helpless and depend on you."

The world is young.
The voice from out the Future calleth yet:
"O, leave the Past and turn to me. The Past

You cannot help; but all I am to be
Is subject unto you, to make or mar.
O, build me noble, full of Love and Truth."

The world is young.
The sun is rising on the Golden Age,
If we but do our part to make it so.
If we but fight the wrong, and keep the faith,
And battle for the Future, all mankind
Will bless us in the days that are to come.

WHEN THE WORLD IS FREE.

Far through the future shines the golden age
Of brotherhood. A new humanity,
Foretold by poet, prophet, saint and sage,
Will work together, when the world is free.

Then science and religion will join hands
And follow nature to divinity.
Then strife will cease between united lands
And peace will prosper, when the world is free.

Then those who toil will be the ones who own.
The slave no longer then will bow the knee.
The king will then be driven from his throne,
The people regnant, when the world is free.

Then greed and poverty will pass away;
And all will share a true prosperity.
The god of Mammon with his feet of clay
Will be demolished, when the world is free.

Then will be little law—the Golden Rule
Will be enthroned—the law of equity.
The priest will vanish with his creed and school
And truth will flourish, when the world is free.

Then will be happy homes, and happy men,
And happy women, raised from slavery;
And happy children. All the dark has-been
Will be forgotten, when the world is free.

O, when the world is free! Transcendent time!
The golden age of dream! The years to be!
From better unto better men will climb
Unto the highest, when the world is free.

MY BOYHOOD HOME.

My boyhood home! My boyhood home!
How fondly turns my heart to thee!
Wherever o'er the earth I roam,
Whatever other lands I see,
My thoughts will drift away from these
Unto one little spot of earth,
Enshrined in happy memories,
The hallowed region of my birth:

Where first I wakened from the night
And looked on life—a stranger—I
Saw each new scene with new delight,
As if a miracle: The sky,
The sunlight, and the breaking storm,
The eve, the stars, the moon's young beam,
Threw over me a nameless charm,
And the enchantment of a dream.

'Twas there I lisped my earliest words;
'Twas there I played a barefoot boy;
'Twas there the fields, the songs of birds,
The voice of waters, gave a joy,
That I shall never know again;
For now the charm has passed away,

And all has sunk to toil and pain,
The commonplace of everyday.

'Twas there, above my trundle-bed,
The storm sang through the winter night;
Till, in the morn, the fields out-spread,
Each one a miracle of white;
And there the summer's slanting rain
Against the roof would softly sweep,
Till, lulled by the somnolent strain,
I gently, sweetly fell asleep.

'Twas there, when earth was crowned with June,
I played beneath the apple trees;
And heard the busy, drowsy tune,
Buzzed by innumerable bees;
Or listened to some happy bird,
That sang of summer all the day;
Or watched the sunlight, where it stirred
Upon the meadows far away.

'Twas there, when clover fields were blown,
Amid the reapers' merry chime,
I played upon the hay new-mown,
A happy boy at harvest time;
And saw the scythe-blades, as they swirred
Through the thick grass; till, sweet to tell,
Across the fields was faintly heard
The music of the dinner bell.

Then, clambering on the high-built load,
That lumbered slow from side to side,
We turned upon the homeward road
And o'er the summer meadows hied.
We gathered round the frugal meal
And ate the food by hunger sauced.
O, happy days! Who would not feel
Those joys again, forever lost?

'Twas there, when winter creaked with snow,
At evening, after work was o'er,
About the fireside's cheerful glow,
Of games and fun we had our store.
The firelight danced in ruddy gleams,
The children danced with merriment.
Each fancy builded pleasant dreams;
Each heart was filled with sweet content.

'Twas there, the school house on the hill,
To which I loitered day by day,
The laggard hours contrived to fill
With little study and much play;
But there thy lessons first I learned,
There first I read thy wondrous page,
And first thy inspiration burned
In me, my glorious Mother Age.

'Twas there the white church pensive stood,
Beside its village of the dead;

Where heaven was pictured for the good,
And where our earliest prayers were said.
I hear them yet, the hymns of praise,
The preacher's homely words of truth.
O, those were pure and precious days;
And God seemed near me, in my youth

'Twas there I knew my earliest love,
The first, sweet passion of a boy;
A dream that years cannot remove;
A vision time cannot destroy:
A little maid with nut-brown hair
And face I cannot quite forget.
Though she is dead, this many a year,
That first enchantment lingers yet.

'Tis there my sainted mother sleeps.
The grass is green upon her grave.
'Tis there my grey-haired father keeps
The home he toiled so long to save.
I seem to see the old house yet,
Amid the trees; I seem to see
Those I have loved; and there is set,
Within that group, a chair for me.

O, tell me not of storied lands,
Of lovely scenes, or sunny skies.

There is one spot that ever stands
More charming still, unto my eyes.
Its woods, its hills, its fields, its streams,
Still shine to me, where'er I roam.
Land, mingled with my happiest dreams,
I turn to thee, my boyhood home.

CHILDHOOD.

I take the past and, hand in hand,
We wander back once more,
Unto the strand of the borderland,
To Memory's farthest shore;
Where thought and speech had just begun,
And life was in the bud;
I toddled on through a world of fun
From the land of Babyhood—

Into the land of Childhood,
That now is far away;
When the heart was light, the world was bright,
And life was filled with play.

It all comes back; and my heart fills
Again with a bounding joy.
I cross the rills and climb the hills,
That knew me as a boy.
I wander 'neath the shady bowers
And through the meadows glide,
In paths of flowers, while the golden Hours
Go ever by my side—

Across the land of Childhood,
That now is far away;

When skies were blue, the world was new,
And life was in its May.

I pass again the school house walls;
And drink from the founts of truth,
In learning's halls, where the Future calls
To the eager heart of Youth.
I hear the siren voices ring,
That lured me to the strife.
Ah! Sweet they sing, when Hope is king
And love is the queen of life—
In the magic land of Childhood
That now is far away;
Where I sat and dreamed till the Future seemed
One long, sweet summer day.

Within the silence of the night,
These thoughts of what has been,
Like spirits bright from a world of light,
Come unto me again;
And in the busy, garish day
They visit me even there;
And drive away, with their presence gay,
The darker thoughts of care.

Gone are those days of Childhood,
Gone from me far away;
But their spirits come to cheer my gloom
And bless my heart for aye.

A SKETCH.

And so you think, my friend, that I am sad.
Well, may be so; for nearly all the world
Must needs grow sad when thinking of the past;
And, as you spoke, my mind was far away,
Amid the pictures of my memory,
On the enchanted ground of my first love,
O'ercast by its first grief.

You never dreamed
That I had been romantic? And why not?
That man is poor indeed within whose heart
There is no corner sacred to romance;
A holy of holies in his memory,
That the world never sees.

I need not tell
Of her I loved, except that unto me
She seemed the very queen of womankind;
For she was good as she was beautiful;
Sweet in her disposition; warm and true;
A girl in years, but woman at the heart.

It all comes back to me: I see her stand
Within the little lane where we had walked,

That bright May morning when I went away,
To win my place in life; I see her stand
Watching me, as I passed out of her sight
Forever. We were poor then, but our dreams
Held riches. We had planned it all, that I
Should go into the world and win a name
And fortune, and should build our little home.
Then—then I should come back. She would be true
And wait for my return.

And so she stood
That morning in the little lane, her face
All lovely from the hope that glowed within
And from the morning light that glowed without.
She was too brave to weep, although a tear,
Or two, slid glistening down upon her cheek.
She only smiled through these; and, smiling, wished me
A God-speed on my journey.

* * * * * *

So I went.
Beyond the hill I turned and saw her yet
Where I had left her; while the morning sun,
Rising behind, round her a halo shed,
As though she were a saint.

* * * * * *

When once out here,
Life did not go as well as I had dreamed.

I found so many upon Fortune's way,
So many crowding, struggling, for a start,
That at the best my progress was but slow,
Labor howe'er I would.

In three long years,
I worried on almost unto the goal.
Her letters came each week to cheer me up,
So full of hope that what of that I lacked
Was from her store supplied. For the last year,
She had not been quite well. " 'Twas a slight thing,
A little ailment that would pass away;"
So wrote she; and then added at the last,
"That when I came that summer she would stand
In the same spot where we had said good-by,
Where I could see her as I turned the lane."

And so I struggled on unto the goal;
And all at last was done. The morrow morn,
I would start back to the far Eastern home,
To claim her as my bride.

* * * * * *

That night there came
A letter—she was dead.

* * * * * *

And so, my friend,
If I seem sad sometimes, 'tis that my mind

Returns unto that picture of the past;
And sees that figure standing in the lane—
The figure of the sweetheart of my youth;—
And sees behind her form the rising sun,
That shed a halo round her like a saint,
Who now is sainted by the hand of Death.

I DREAMED OF YOU.

It matters little that we two
Are sundered far apart,
The image love engraved of you
Will never leave my heart.
Your every look, your every move,
Is mirrored there as bright
As when I saw you last. My love,
I dreamed of you last night.

I thought that we two met again;
That my lips pressed your own;
That all the anguish, all the pain,
At that sweet touch had flown.
As night, by spark electric thrilled,
Fades backward from the light,
So at that contact grief was stilled,
I dreamed of you last night.

The dream is gone, so brief, so sweet.
It was too fond to last.
The happy hours we two could meet
Are buried in the past.
But though the blest reality
Should never greet my sight,
That vision still may solace me.
I dreamed of you last night.

NEVER GIVE UP.

When weary one night from the toil of the day,
My heart with its burden cast down;
Alone and unaided on life's barren way,
And all the world wearing a frown;
I heard the quaint tones, beating measured and slow,
Of the clock, from its shelf on the wall;
And, as the staid pendulum swung to and fro,
In rhythm these words seemed to fall:
"Never give up. Never give up.
Time will be given you.
Never give up."

And then, through the deepening silence, it seemed
A presence pervaded the gloom.
Although far away she lay sleeping, I dreamed
My mother was there in the room.
About her sweet face, as it turned to my own,
Seemed resting a halo of light.
Like far away music, I fancied her tone
Fell soft on the ear of the night:
"Never give up. Never give up.
Loved ones are waiting you.
Never give up."

Out into the night, to the quiet and calm,
I went to the starlight and dew;
For night, to the heart that is sore, has a balm,
A beauty that always is new.
I saw the great earth, as it swung to the dawn,
Stretching out to the East, to the West;
And out of the deep heart of Nature seemed drawn
A voice with an accent of rest:
"Never give up. Never give up.
The world is wide for you.
Never give up."

My eyes turned above, where the bright eyes of space,
Through Immensity's blue-curtained deeps,
In clusters of glimmering groups, seem to gaze
Far away, where the quiet earth sleeps,
And down through the broad, jeweled fields of the sky,
That radiant stretch over all,
There dropped a still voice, as it were from on high,
Which seemed to my spirit to call:
"Never give up. Never give up.
Heaven is over you.
Never give up."

"The Past it is gone, with its sorrows and faults,
Then leave it and build you anew.

The Past it is dead, locked in Memory's vaults;
And living hopes beckon to you.
For the brave is the pathway of life. Can you climb?
Then turn from the years that are dead,
With your eyes on the promise that's shining sublime
In the years that are lying ahead.
Never give up. Never give up."
The great, misty Future says,
"Never give up."

BIDE YOUR TIME.

When fortune treats you slightingly
And everything goes wrong,
Remember that you still are free
To labor and be strong.
To him who bravely does his part,
Misfortune is no crime.
Just hold your grip and keep up heart
And learn to bide your time.

The surest road to greatness lies
Through hard and patient work.
The glorious name that never dies
Comes not unto the shirk.
Fame sits upon an eminence,
A pinnacle sublime.
He who would win must seek her thence,
Strive on and bide his time.

The man of hope and energy,
Who keeps one goal in sight,
Who goes his way with constancy,
Will some time win the fight.

The man whose life a glory lends
To every age and clime,
Is he whose purpose never bends,
Who works and bides his time.

Go onward. O'er the Future's hills,
The dawn falls cool and sweet.
Go onward. He can win who wills,
And bows not to defeat.
Go onward, though your path may lie
Through calumny and slime.
The way will brighten by and by.
Go on and bide your time.

And when the fight at last is o'er,
The toil at last is done;
When standing on life's farther shore,
Beneath her setting sun;
Beyond the Future's unbarred gate,
The bells of heaven chime;
And justice, love and glory wait
For him who bides his time.

THE HIGHER THOUGHT.

There is a soul within the soul,
In which are felt those holier joys,
That from some fount immortal roll,
That are too deep for voice.

There is a heart within the heart.
With silent voices it is rife.
Vague premonitions in it start
And tremble into life.

There is a mind within the mind,
In which is born the Higher Thought.
Shadows glide o'er it, undefined,
And pass: a glimpse is caught.

A glimpse is caught, a shadowy gleam
Flits o'er the mind, as in thought's dawn.
We grasp; but no, 'tis but a dream
And all again is gone.

There is a phantom memory,
As it were of another clime,
As it were of a far country
Beyond the bounds of time.

And linked with this are faith and hope,
That pierce into the shadowy gloom,
That see the realms which onward ope
Beyond the silent tomb.

There is, in every human breast,
Sometime, sometime, awakened there,
A feeling of enraptured rest,
That drowns the voice of care.

There is a hidden, seraph lyre
And with it angel voices ring.
Nothing without can still that choir.
They to the spirit sing.

From these the Poet's mind is rife
With heavenly glimpses half complete.
'Tis these that fill the Poet's life
With music strange and sweet.

And these swell outward into song,
Born from the heart's own melody,
In which the nameless longings throng
Of all humanity.

THE NEW POET.

O, great, new poet, the world waits for thee,
To voice the wondrous hopes of all mankind;
To sing the matin song of the To Be;
To reach the heart-chord of the age; and find
A tongue for prophecies and prayers and tears
Of this, our time—its travail and its pain;
But more, to picture forth the brighter years,
That wait across the future's shining main.
Thy song will echo to the busy roar
Of life and labor and the city's hum,
The progress of these later days; but more,
'Twill tell the promise of the days to come.
'Twill say, "The world's year only touches spring;"
And all mankind will pause to hear thee sing.

THE SPHINX.

The Sphinx sits ever by the stream of life,
Even as he sits amid the pyramids
Within the narrow valley of the Nile.
The questions: What is life and what is death?
Who placed us here? What keeps us? To what end?
These questions ask we and no answer comes.
Man builds his creeds; and each creed disagrees
With all the rest. The old ones fade away,
And new ones come instead. Creed follows creed,
Till in the endless maze we grow confused,
And turn and face again the silent Sphinx.

The brutes about us mock us with their forms,
Saying: "You sprung from us. The stream can rise
No higher than its source. Hold, hold, proud man,
Amid your dizzy dreams. Do not forget
Your kindred here, for you are linked to us."

The Earth, our mother, puts her silent force
Upon us and restrains us to herself,
Saying: "You are my children. You have grown
From out my elements. You rose from me;
From me drew sustenance; and unto me

You must return. My iron hand of law
Is on you. From it there is no escape."

The far-off Sun looks at us from his throne,
Saying: "I am your father. You have drawn
Your life and light from me. The energy,
Coursing in thrills electric through your frames,
You gained from me. The very tints you wear
Upon your souls, these also came from me.
All these must be surrendered once again."

The stars gaze on us from the shores of space,
Across the spatial sea; and seem to say:
"We are the emblems of the universe,
The blossoms of Eternity, but you
Are merely worms; and, like the worms, must die."

And then, our creeds all melted from our minds,
As melts the dew upon a summer morn,
We turn once more and face the voiceless Sphinx,
That sits like a mysterious question mark
Before the portals of Eternity,
That silent sits and nothing says at all.

TO A STAR.

Star, that gleamest through the night, shore within
the spatial sea;
Star, that burnest in my soul what I am and what
would be;
Island in the far-off space;
Cradle of some happy race;
I would reach thee. Something nameless in me
yearneth unto thee.

Planet, on thy sister world spinning with thee round
the sun,
I am but an insect living for a day and am done;
Yet thy little point of light
Fills me with the Infinite,
Till my dreams go on forever—even to the primal
One.

We see darkly; grope, in feeling, to a truth we can-
not see;
We strive upward and yearn blindly, as my soul
unto thee;
While the Unattainable
Throws upon our souls its spell,
Till we dream of that we know not, which we name
Infinity.

WHENCE.

I do not know. I seem a child at play
Before the wondrous mystery of life:
And know not it is there; except at times
There comes to me a sense unnamable;
The veil seems just a little drawn; I see
An awful glimpse that shakes my inmost soul.
It may be but a tone, a word, a face,
A strain of music, or a look, a song,
And all the world goes fading into dream.
I seem to feel all this has been before.
There rises up a something in my soul,
A something of unutterable age,
As old as life, aye, and as old as death,
That gazes through my eyes upon the world
And brings a sense of loneliness, a gleam
Of fearful knowledge, then it fades away.

It was more frequent in my early years,
Before I clogged my soul with flesh and sin;
But even yet it comes to me at times.
And once—I know not what the cause—it came,
And in the frenzy burst from out my lips
The one involuntary cry, "I know;"

And then it left me helpless as a child;
The dream died from me; and I went my way
Into the world of toil and commonplace.

THE PATH.

From God we are and unto God return.
As through successive births and deaths we go,
From sorrow, pain and suffering we learn;
In wisdom, love and helpfulness we grow.

Upon an endless ladder mounting slow,
Forever to the better we ascend,
Till, leaving all unworthy us below,
At last into the life divine we blend.

A thousand lives and deaths—the days and nights
Of being—pass we in our onward way;
Until we see, beyond the farthest heights,
The sweeter dawning of the perfect day;
Where love is law; where beauty, truth and good
Are endless, boundless—the Beatitude.

WHAT MATTERS IT?

What matters it, if joy or grief
Should fall unto our portion?
If happiness is only brief,
As fleeting is misfortune.
At any rate, the self-same fate
Stands at the verge before us.
'Tis but a little while to wait,
His shadow settles o'er us.
'Tis just as well to wear a smile
And all life's tempests weather,
Untroubled. In a little while,
We'll all be dead together.

What matters it? A few days more,
The chapter may be ended.
Across oblivion's soundless shore,
Our dreams will all be blended.
Howe'er we seek to mend out lot,
In spite of our endeavor,
We age, we die, and are forgot
Forever and forever.
'Tis just as well to be content,
Nor seek to break the tether

That binds us. When the years are spent,
We'll all be dead together.

What matters it? For when we go,
New men will take our places;
And, in a million years or so,
Will come new lands and races;
And when, within some later time,
The earth dies, dropping sun-ward,
From out the womb of the sublime
New worlds will hasten onward.
A moment in Eternity,
Our life is but a feather
Blown from us. Through the long to be,
We'll all be dead together.

What matters it? For, at the best,
Soon ceases joy or sorrow.
We pass to everlasting rest,
Or to a brighter morrow.
'Tis but the stopping of the breath
And ended is the story;
We journey through the gates of death
To dreamless sleep or glory.
So what's the use of sighs and tears?
The fates await us whether
We smile or weep. A hundred years,
We'll all be dead together.

IF I WERE DEAD.

If I were dead, and death were sleep,
How softly would the years go round!
My slumbers would be calm and deep,
Without a stir, without a sound.
Beneath the starless dome of rest,
Upon a soft and downy bed,
I'd lie, till on earth's withered breast,
The ashes of the ages fled
Would heap above me and would keep
My slumbers ever sound and sweet;
No more to long, no more to weep,
No more in pain my heart to beat;
In Rest and Silence comforted,
Forever dead.

If I were dead, and death is change,
How bright would be the break of dawn!
I'd greet a wonder, sweet and strange;
I'd meet the loved ones who have gone;
I'd find the simple minds of old,
Of better heart, of larger brain;
And all the ages that have rolled
Would open up their store again;

I'd reach—but this I cannot tell,
For these are things were never said;
They are but feelings which up-well,
Immortal, from the shore, the bed,
Of our deep beings, groping out
To land, beyond the sea of Doubt—
A shore that glimmers on ahead
For all the dead.

THE SONG OF THE WIND.

Whatever it be, there is naught to me,
No medley of sounds, no melody,
That possesses so much of a nameless charm
As the wail of winds in a winter storm.
When the rattling branches are bleak and bare,
And stinging and rough is the wintry air,
And the eddying snow-gusts blindly beat
Against the windows, there's naught so sweet,
As to sit by my open fire-place wide
And hear the howl of the winds outside.

It takes me back to my boyhood days,
When we gathered around the ruddy blaze
Of a night; and watched the fire-beams glance
And the answering shadows merrily dance
Upon the wall; and heard the moan
Of the wind, as it sobbed in an undertone,
As its sobs rose high to a wail so shrill
That it made the aching marrows thrill.
O, what is so sweet, when the fire burns bright,
As the shrieking winds of a winter night?

Full many a time I've been lulled to sleep,
As I heard them eddy and sigh and sweep

Through the branches outside; as I heard their tread
On the rattling shingles overhead;
As I heard them yell and rave and groan
And sink down into a monotone,
While I lapsed away to the happy shore
Of dreams and heard their tones no more.
O, there's naught so sweet, when cosy and warm,
As the wail of winds in a winter storm.

To-night I sit where my shadow falls
And dances along my chamber walls.
Outside the storm-wind surlily roars
And charges and beats against panes and doors;
But I scarcely hear it. My soul is away,
Amid the things of a happier day;
Amid the scenes that so long have fled;
Amid the faces that now are dead;
And I hear, with a sense of nameless woe,
The song of those winds of long ago.

MEMORY.

My soul is far away to-day
In the land of Memory;
Far away by the shore of the Nevermore,
'Mid the scenes of the Used-to-be.

There is naught but sorrow and anguish here,
But sorrow and anguish and dread.
The sunshine is lost in the gulf of the Past,
In the Past and the land of the dead.

So my soul is far away to-day
In the regions of Long Ago,
Where I catch a gleam from boyhood's dream
And forget for a time my woe.

I feel the touch of a soft, warm hand,
And the clasp of a fond embrace;
And forget my pain for a moment again
In the smile of a vanished face.

Far away in the land of the dead to-day,
In the land where the North-winds rave
And where Northern forests wave,
My soul has flown, and alone, alone,
Looks down on a sunken grave.

SUMMER IN WINTER

'Tis winter's day.
No cheering ray
Breaks through the overarch of gray.

And now the snow
Begins to flow.
At first the flakes fall large and slow;

But soon a daze,
A whirling maze,
Shuts in the circle of the gaze.

The high winds croon
A dreary tune;
And, o'er the dismal afternoon,

Snow curtains fall
Down like a wall,
And twilight settles over all.

Shut down the blind.
I'll comfort find,
E'en in the howling of this wind.

My fire burns red.
Its glances spread
Around the walls and overhead.

My thoughts at play,
I'll lapse away
To dreams of a diviner day;

Where, through the tears
Of later years,
A far-off, magic land appears;

Where Boyhood smiles
And lends its wiles
To Memory's far, enchanted isles;

And leafy nooks
Have Summer's looks,
With songs of birds and babbling brooks.

NIGHT.

The world is beautiful to-night.
The sky is clear, the sky is bright.
Of starlight, dew and cricket trills
A sense within my being fills
Me to the brim; and washes out
The care, the trouble and the doubt.
One moment I am lifted up
Unto the rim of Heaven's cup,
To drain a draught of rarest bliss;
To feel upon my soul the kiss
Of airs from regions of the blest;
Within the sweet content to rest,
To feel that all that is, is best.

O, Night, I have learned more from you
Than all the tomes I ever knew.
To lie on grasses wet with dew
And watch the stars sweep sidewise o'er
The vaulted heaven's low-paved floor,
Lights gleaming from the spatial shore;
To dream of worlds more bright and sweet;
To dream of beings more complete;

To picture happy realms afar,
The wonder of each sun and star;
Have deeper lessons taught to me
Than words of men, for here I see
The language of Eternity.

The petty cares that mar the day
And doubts and troubles flee away.
For once I reach to perfect rest;
For one rare moment I am blest.
From Night's own music, starshine bright,
Sweeps on the soul a sweet delight.
The world is beautiful to-night.

BE HAPPY NOW.

There is a land where Music, dreaming,
Sings sweet and low;
A thousand shadowy forms are gleaming
In the pale glow
Of Memory's half-light o'er them streaming—
The long ago.

There is a land of visions splendid—
A golden clime,
Where fame, love, happiness, seem blended,
In hues sublime;
The present by it how transcended—
The coming time.

There is a land whence airs entrancing
Forever stray;
Where summer suns are ever glancing
Athwart the day;
A region filled with Youth's romancing—
The far away.

Why yearn beyond the bars that bound us,
When year by year
These visions ever fade beyond us?

Why not uprear
A heaven of happiness around us—
The Now and Here?

COME TO ME.

When morn on the dewy earth is dawning,
When evening broods across the fields in balm,
When the tempest is breaking and the lightning is awaking,
In the dark night, the storm, or sunny calm,
There is still one thought that comes to cheer me,
And from it the care and sorrow flee;
My drear path lightens and the dark earth brightens,
Before the gentle dream that comes of thee.

Thou art an isle in life's stormy ocean,
A peaceful harbor whereto I may go.
It seems a blessed haven, when far my bark is driven,
Where breakers lash and beat and tempests blow.
When I sometimes could wish the strife were ended
And death from my toils would set me free,
A hope comes stealing, like sweet bells pealing
Far away—the hope of reaching thee.

Of the selfishness of life I am weary.
I am sick of the hate, the sin, the strife.
The present darkness o'er me and the future's dark before me.

Come, love, shed thy sun into my life;
And a new world will blush into morning,
And new hopes will beckon unto me;
From the dreary past turning to a new light burning
In the future, I'll live for love and thee.

MY QUEEN.

Your eyes look at me all the day
And shine upon me in my dreams.
Your face, although so far away,
Upon me beams.

I see you as I saw you last;
I see you as when first we met.
The scenes of all our happy past
Are with me yet.

I press you to my heart once more,
The while my lips the words repeat,
Again, again, and o'er and o'er,
"I love you, sweet."

I feel your arms about me twine;
I smell the fragrance of your breath;
I press your lips, and know you mine
Through life and death.

Through life unto Eternity,
And all the happy years between,
I know you mine. O, come to me
And be my queen.

Your empire, it shall be a home.
A fireside, it shall be your throne.
There you, through all the years to come,
Shall rule alone.

The only law of that domain
Will be that each shall strive to bless;
The only wealth we seek to gain,
Our happiness.

Until, into each other blent,
Our love its highest fruitage bear;
And blessing, peace and sweet content
Shall be our share.

THE MOUNTAINS.

The mountains, O the mountains! I have seen,
Beneath a rising curtain of the clouds,
Their shining slopes and summits far away,
When burnished by the finger of the morn;
And they were beautiful—so bright and still,
It seemed a fringe of summer thunder-clouds
Were frozen into permanence and snow.

The mountains, O the mountains! How they lift
Their faces unto heaven, as in prayer!
They stand as the mute choristers of God.
They are the symbols of Eternity.
They point like fingers to the Infinite,
Forever upward, piercing through the storm,
Or glowing with the glory of the dawn.

The mountains, O the mountains! They are kings,
That reign in silent majesty, their crowns
The azure blue and diadems of snow;
Or they are Titans of the days of Eld;
Or children of the earthquake; or they are
The wrinkles on the forehead of the world—
The records of a planet's agony.

The mountains, O the mountains! I would live
Forever in their shadows. I would see
Their beauty daily; watch them every morn
Grow golden from the yet unrisen sun;
Or trace their ribbon streamlets winding down
Into the valleys; or would note their speech—
A silent language like that of the stars.

The mountains, O the mountains! How they shine
Above the petty littleness of man!
For they are ever constant and sublime;
And man beside them is a pigmy thing,
Who frets the world a moment and is gone;
While they remain through all the centuries,
As glorious as on their primal day.

THE PAST.

A thousand dreams to earth have come and gone.
A thousand forms, by fear or fancy drawn,
Like shapes of night, have faded from the dawn.

A thousand creeds have held their sway on earth,
Unto a thousand myths have given birth,
That now are food for wonder, scorn, or mirth.

A thousand gods have reigned their little day
And crumbled. They were fashioned out of clay.
Like out-worn toys, they now are cast away.

A thousand castles of the human mind
Are wrecks with which the coasts of Time are lined,
The rubbish of the ages left behind.

A thousand systems of a thousand schools,
The theories of nature's hidden rules,
Now seem to us the dreams of idle fools.

A thousand lofty sentiments expressed,
To those who heard them seeming of the best,
Are now forgotten, or a theme for jest.

A thousand books on memory have laid claim,
A thousand authors, through them, sought for fame;
To us there scarce remains a single name.

The winnower of the ages threshes o'er
The harvest of a generation's lore.
One grain is gathered from the threshing floor.

The rest, as empty chaff, aside is cast.
Oblivion's refuse, gathering thick and fast,
Chokes all the gates and highways of the Past.

Religions, dreams and empires all have gone,
Like shapes of night, that vanish from the dawn;
While through the ages earth went rolling on.

MY CREED.

Of what is life and what is death
I do not know, I cannot tell.
I only think that all is well,
Ruled by some power that works beneath

This outward mask of circumstance—
This sensual phasis that we see.
In the Divine economy
Can be no such a thing as chance.

I only feel that simple faith
Is best; that knowledge is but part.
I feel within my inmost heart,
That with the ending of the breath,

We end not all. I see a gleam,
From out the farther darkness sent,
From which I draw a sweet content,
And rosy-colored grows my dream.

This as it may. I feel that man
Is rising up; that he will grow
To something better, which will show
Behind a greater, better plan.

I only hate the iron-bound creed,
The social lies, the selfishness,
That bind us down and make us less;
That put a bar against our need.

But these will pass; and soon or late—
Let us hope soon—will better things
Come to us with the good that springs
From that great Impulse, making fate,

That molds us as we will or not;
And bears us onward that we grow;
And full-grown science coming slow
Will blossom radiant out of thought.

And soon or late will brotherhood,
And with it real liberty,
Illuminate man's destiny
And bring him to some higher good.

The systems flashing on through space,
The sun that gilds our little spheres,
These teach us to forget our fears.
Their ruler guides the human race.

That after death will be a dawn,
This we will trust; but we can climb,
On earth, unto a better time,
And keep man ever moving on

Upon the pathway leading through
The mazy ways of future change,
Until a prospect, sweet and strange,
Shall dawn upon his earthly view.

FAITH.

Suns and systems of suns spin onward, carrying with them their clusters of worlds;
Whirling, following, ceaselessly, dizzily, through the Infinite, never at rest;
Peopled by myriads—misery, happiness, love and loveliness, hope and dreams,
Birth and death, and change progressing in circles, upbuilding the forms of life,
Then destroying its own creations, devouring its children, like Chronos of old.
I, a worm on a little planet, am trying to think of them, till weighed down
Under a feeling of littleness, helplessness, nothingness, leaving me sick at heart.

Where is truth and the faith of the fathers, the dreams immortal, the God of love?
Banished afar into dim unrealities, visions of children, that fail and fade
From the thoughts of the man, the glare of science, immensity stern and still.

Where is hope, the dreams of heaven, the lessons
we learned at the dawn of life?
Banished afar by the noon-day glamor, by logic and
learning, by sneers of the wise;
Banished afar, till the heart is faint, and Faith goes
sorrowing into the gloom,
Reaching in vain for a hand to lift her, a touch to
thrill her, a word to cheer.

O, for the by-gone ages of wonder, when deity dwelt
in sun and star,
Rainbow and mountain, flower and meadow, tree
and river, ocean and sky!
O, for the simple faith of our fathers, who loved their
God and were honest and true,
Ere hypocrisy, wordy worship and hollow mockery
made unbelief!
This is the age of glitter and tinsel, scientist, sceptic,
idler and bawd,
Preachers for mammon, babbling infidels, brutal
iconoclasts, worshiping gold.

Yet, in spite of the half-truths of science, the lies of
sophists, the glamor and glare,
Infidelity filling the churches, disputations of creed
and school,
Dull materialism, the worship of mammon, the sneer
of the so-called wise,

Glitter of sun and world and system, and my own nothingness, still I hold
To the religion taught me in childhood, the visions of heaven, the gentle Christ;
Still I hold to the dreams of the fathers, the Faith that trusts where it cannot see.

Where is truth? In the hearts of the people, before it is stifled by gold and dross.
There in the hearts of the people you find it—the Faith triumphant. 'Tis not a lie.
Hope still sits on her mountain. The sun-rise of glory shines over her. Death falls back.
Over the faces turned heavenward glistens the light from the dawning of a new day.
Still I hold to the faith of the fathers, in spite of sophistries, doubts and creeds.
Right is omnipotent. Truth is eternal. God reigns over us. All is well.

THE DUTY OF TO-DAY.

O, the night has been long and the way has been hard
For the men who have toiled for their kind.
The rack and the dungeon have been their reward,
And the sneer of the little of mind.
The Christs have been crucified, martyrs been burned,
The philosophers doomed to the cup,
But their spirits again to the earth have returned
And the truths, that they taught, risen up.
By the lives of these heroes be guided to-day,
My brothers, and on with the fight.
Be strong and be patient, nor faint by the way,
Till the world is brought round to the right.

From the ignorance, prejudice, darkness and gloom,
The injustice and wrong, of the past,
We have risen until we can now see the bloom
Of the morn on the hill-tops at last.
The way by the blood of the prophets was wet,
But they toiled not, and died not, in vain;

For the words of those prophets are guiding us yet
To the triumphs we yet shall attain.
The night of the ages is waning to dawn,
While the race is as yet in its youth;
Then face to the future, my brothers, and on,
Till the world is brought over to truth.

The dreams in our spirits by God were inspired,
To show us the glory to be.
By the same dreams the heroes of old time were fired,
When they died that the world might be free.
But the bigots yet live and the tyrants yet reign
And the slaves sorrow on, as before;
God is calling unto us for heroes again,
Who will die as those heroes of yore.
For right is eternal and tyranny ends,
When the battle is manfully fought.
Then gird on your armor and help us, by friends,
Till the world unto freedom is brought.

The voice of the Savior is calling to-day:
"Awaken, my people, arise.
My kingdom is coming. Prepare ye the way.
Its signs may be seen in the skies.
There's light o'er the night and the morning appears;
The new day is coming to birth.

The world I will save from its crimes and its fears,
And my word shall be heard round the earth.
The blood of the heroes and martyrs is blest,
And the paths that the prophets have trod;
But the living must waken and nevermore rest,
Till the world is brought over to God."

A PRAYER.

'Tis more than I can bear,
Thus says my heart to-night.
'Tis darkness everywhere.
I look in vain for light.
My heart with sin defiled,
The world grows drear to me.
Father, forgive thy child.
I come to Thee.

Forgive my erring steps,
For I have wandered long.
Forgive my erring lips,
That speak so much of wrong.
I'm lost. O, show the way
To light, that I may see;
Until my heart can say,
I come to Thee.

I've felt Thee in the crowd;
I've felt Thee when alone.
Forgive the boasting loud,
The word that could disown.

I babbled vainly then.
Trouble has taught to see.
Crushed by the wrongs of men,
I come to Thee.

My friends, through my misdeeds,
And by Thy hand, are gone.
My heart in yearning bleeds
For one friend, only one.
'Tis hard to comprehend
That no one cares for me.
My last, my only, friend,
I come to Thee.

My heart it lighter grows.
My troubles half are past.
A new hope onward glows.
A blessing comes at last.
Ah! 'twill be doubly blest,
When from all doubting free,
To be with Thee at rest.
I come to Thee.

THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND.

All hail the Christ of Nazareth,
Who came to banish strife;
He took the bitterness from death,
The hopelessness from life;
He gave to faith a mode of speech
It ne'er had known before;
But, best of all, He came to preach
The gospel to the poor.

Although the dawn of glory broke
Upon His natal morn,
He came from poor and humble folk,
And He was lowly born.
He was a common carpenter.
He labored for His bread.
On all the earth He had not where
To lay His weary head.

In humble guise and simple dress,
He went from place to place.
He deigned to share earth's wretchedness,
To save a fallen race.

Although He left a legacy,
The richest ever known,
He lived Himself in poverty,
With naught to call His own.

Unto the toiling multitude,
He opened Heaven's gate;
But said the rich should not intrude
Into that blest estate.
He said that Mammon's sordid slaves
Could never be the Lord's.
He smote the money-changing knaves
With whip of platted cords.

From Scribe and priest and Pharisee
He tore the cloak of fraud.
He recognized no royalty,
Excepting that of God.
Degrees and castes to Him were naught.
Within His splendid plan,
He knew but equals; and He taught
The brotherhood of man.

He sought to make this warring earth
More like the world above.
He sought to bring a state to birth,
Built on the law of love;

A state of charity and peace,
Of good will unto men;
Where all should share the world's increase
And He should come again.

He pointed to the highest good,
The truest liberty.
He taught that love and brotherhood
Alone can make us free.
If men would follow His commands,
The clouds would roll away,
And, breaking over all the lands,
Would come the grander day.

He was the poor man's dearest friend,
The truest ever known.
The things He taught would bring an end
To Shylock, bond and throne;
Would put a stop to greed and war;
Would free the world from hate;
And, on the future's shining shore,
Would plant the social state.

O, Carpenter of Nazareth,
We need Thy presence now.
Thy people still are led to death,
The thorns upon their brow.

A prayer for Thee, o'er all the earth,
Comes from the toiling throng,
To bring the better day to birth
And free the world from wrong.

INVOCATION.

Thou, O God, who reignest somewhere—somewhere, though I do not see,—
I am erring; let me feel Thee in the work that waits for me.
From my weakness make me stronger, from the strength that is in Thee.

Thou hast planted in my being thoughts that must have, will have, way.
Do Thou aid me, for I stumble, in the things I have to say;
That, before I die, some word may fall to aid the coming day.

Though the way seems dark before me and my sins are dark behind;
Though unworthy, still I feel it, that some work has been designed,
Although humble, for my doing, that may better make my kind.

I will try it. I am ready. Lead me to the purpose forth.

Let it be Thy seed I'm sowing. Let it quicken into
birth,
In the souls of men and, springing, blossom sweetly
o'er the earth.

Keep me steadfast. Soon 'tis over. Take me, then,
unto Thy breast;
Whether to a sweeter, larger life, or unto dreamless
rest,
This I know not, but Thou knowest; and whatever,
it is best.

MT. VERNON.

Upon the broad Potomac's shore,
Below the city of his name,
His ashes rest, who evermore
Will live, the favorite of fame.
He stood the greatest of the great,
When giants battled. It was he,
Who with his sword carved out a state
And gave a people liberty.
He seems to us almost divine,
The calm, the brave, the good, the just.
This spot becomes a nation's shrine,
Because it holds his sacred dust.
There is no bound unto his fame,
But every land beneath the sun.
Lends to the general acclaim,
Which greets the name of Washington.

WHEN LINCOLN DIED.

When Lincoln died a universal grief
Went round the earth. Men loved him in that hour.
The North her leader lost, the South her friend;
The nation lost its savior, and the slave
Lost his deliverer, the most of all.
Oh, there was sorrow 'mid the humble poor
When Lincoln died.

When Lincoln died, a great soul passed from earth.
In him were strength and gentleness so mixed,
That each upheld the other. He was firm
And yet was kind; as tender as a child,
And yet as iron-willed as Hercules.
His power was almost limitless, and yet
His mercy was as boundless as his power.
And he was jovial, laughter-loving, still
His heart was ever torn with suffering.
There was divine compassion in the man,
A God-like love and pity for his race.
The world saw the full measure of that love
When Lincoln died.

When Lincoln died a type was lost to men.
The earth has had her conquerors and kings

And many of the common great. Through all
She only had one Lincoln. There are none
Like him in all the annals of the past.
He was a growth of our new soil, a child
Of our new time; he was American;
Was of the people, from the lowest rank;
And yet he scaled with ease the highest height.
Mankind one of its few immortals lost
When Lincoln died.

When Lincoln died it seemed a providence;
For he appeared as one sent for a work,
Whom, when that work was done, God summoned home.
He led a splendid fight for liberty;
And when the shackles fell, the land was saved,
He laid his armor by and sought his rest.
A glory, sent from heaven, covered him
When Lincoln died.

TO HENRY GEORGE.

What can we say of thee, but only this?
We had a prophet and we knew him not.
Another age will rate thee at thy worth,
A great, warm-hearted, fearless, honest man;
A nobleman who took his rank from God
And bore it like a king. And, O the poor,
How true a friend they've lost in losing thee!
Who ever plead their cause with tongue and pen,
And gave a plan to help them and the race.

Now, like a warrior on a battle-field,
Whose last charge was his best, thy end has come.
Thou sought to raise our great Queen City up
From out the mire; and fought wrong face to face;
And, as thou led the hosts of toilers on,
Against the citadels of fraud and greed,
Just at the hour of seeming victory,
Thy summons came and we were left alone.

These things all men can say of thee with truth:
He left a legacy to after years;
He was a friend of all the world's oppressed;
He was a foe to sham and tyranny;
He was a martyr to a holy cause;
He died, as he had lived, for humankind.

AWAKE.

Awake, my brothers, wake.
The night of bondage wanes.
The signs of morning tinge the eastern sky.
The toils that bind you, break.
Rend from your limbs the chains.
The hour of your redemption draweth nigh.

You are but serfs to-day,
Unto your masters' greed,
With golden shackles, bound in slavery.
And will you bear it, say—
You of that noble breed
Of patriots who died to make men free?

Awaken, then, arise.
Go forth in all your might.
Strike for your liberty, loved ones and home.
Strike for the glorious prize
Of justice and of right.
Bequeath it to the age that is to come.

Not in the tented field,
Nor in the battle's brunt,
Strike, but with ballots and with tongue and pen—
The arms that freemen wield.
Go nobly to the front
With those who battle for their fellow men.

Sweet as the breath of morn;
Sweet as the earliest song
Of bird, that tells the coming of the dawn;
Are noble actions, born
'Mid selfishness and wrong,
To aid the cause of Freedom marching on.

BY RIGHT DIVINE.

When rogues would fill the human mind
With some transparent lie,
They always claim it countersigned
And sanctioned from on high.
An instance makes this statement plain:
The right divine of kings to reign.

This lie was shot to death, in part,
A hundred years ago;
But now the tricksters seek to start
An equal falsehood, so
We hear proclaimed by every fool
The right divine of gold to rule.

Ere long, when they grow bold enough
To make their purpose clear
And throw the mask of pretext off,
We may expect to hear
The moneyed knaves make this appeal:
The right divine of thieves to steal.

I seem to hear another cry,
That comes from all around.

Beginning low, it rises high,
A deep and growing sound,
That claims in no uncertain tone
The human right to have our own.

This cry is filled with dire distress
And angry discontent;
With tones of want and wretchedness;
While into these are blent
Stern under voices that demand
The human right to life and land.

From torrid zone to frigid snows,
'Tis heard in every place.
It ever louder, deeper, grows,
Until it thrills the race;
And thunders forth from sea to sea
The human right to liberty.

No longer let us hear that fraud
Is sanctioned from on high;
No longer tell mankind that God
Will consecrate a lie;
But let this truth forever shine:
The human right is the divine.

BATTLE SONG.

(Tune—"Bonnie Blue Flag.")

Hurrah! Hurrah! Our watch fires
Gleam bright o'er all the land.
Our lines are drawn, we're marching on
In a united band.
Against wrong and oppression
We go in all our might;
And send on high our battle cry
For freedom and the right.

Chorus—
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We hail the morning bright.
Hurrah! Hurrah! For the coming day
Of freedom and the right.

No rich are in our army.
A lowly band are we.
No creed we own but one alone,
And that is—Liberty.
We ask for simple justice,
For this we make our fight.

For home we stand and native land
And freedom and the right.

Chorus—

All hail! All hail! The morning
At last begins to dawn.
Across the earth we'll rally forth,
Beneath the rising sun;
And where his beams fall on us,
We'll bless the glorious light.
No hand can stay the coming day
Of freedom and the right.

Chorus—

SONG OF THE TOILER.

I sing for those who toil,
The men in shop and mine,
The husbandmen who till the soil,
The sailor on the brine.
A truth I hold, the maxim old,
That labor is divine.

I sing for all the poor,
For those of humble birth,
For those who patiently endure,
The men of simple worth,
By truth and right and in God's sight
The noblemen of earth.

For those, whom gilded fools
Have scorned in silly pride;
For those whom courts and man-made rules
To justice have denied,
Who bear the weight of church and state
And all the drones beside;

For those who clothe the race
And furnish house and food,
Who put a smile on nature's face,
Dispensing real good;
For those who sweat for what they get,
As God has said they should;

For those who by their deeds
Give service to the Lord,
Whose labors lessen human needs,
And thus fulfill His word;
For those who give that men may live;
For all—but those who hoard.

I hate the sordid knaves,
Who labor's earnings take.
Such Jesus named, " a den of thieves."
I hate them for His sake.
They levy rent and cent per cent
On what their brothers make.

Those who create the wealth
Should all that wealth possess;
Not those who gather it by stealth,
To spend in idleness.
To those who work, not those who shirk,
Should go the earth's excess.

Those who uphold a State
Should occupy its throne;
And not the mis-called rich and great,
Who reap what these have sown.
Those who produce should have the use
And ruling of their own.

When Christ was on earth
He called unto His side
Some men of humble rank and birth.
With such He lived and died.
The toiling poor forevermore
By Him are glorified.

God, held the men of toil
And make them see the light;
And that they may their tyrants foil,
God help them to unite;
But more, I pray, show them the way
And let them know the right.

God, help the men of toil;
Give them a broader ken;
Help them escape the serpent's coil
In liquor's loathsome den.
May they have less of brutishness
And more the stamp of men.

God, help the men of toil,
And give them light to see
How servile, pitiful and vile
Their badge of slavery!
Make them to grow until they know
How sweet is liberty.

I sing for those who toil;
For, though of humble birth,
To me they shine, by right divine,
The men of proudest worth.
I dare proclaim their rightful name:
The noblemen of earth.

MEN OF LABOR.

Men of Labor, why for others
Ever toil?
Men of Labor, be ye brothers,
Not the spoil
Of the vampires, who are taking
All the wealth that ye are making;
Of the serpent that would crush you in its coil.

Why be slaves? Why wait ye longer?
Be ye free.
Than your tyrants ye are stronger.
Liberty!
Shout that watch-word unto heaven;
Shout it till your bonds are riven;
Shout it till the sounds ring over land and sea.

Make Equality the beacon
To the earth;
Until Tyranny shall weaken,
And a birth,
Bright as the bright dreams of sages
In the past and vanished ages,
Of Fraternity and Liberty come forth.

Speak! The weary world is waiting
For your call;
Never in your zeal abating,
Until fall
All the Greed and Wrong that bind us,
Wrecks upon Time's shore behind us;
And a new day sheds its beauty over all.

THE OTHER SIDE.

It may be easy for those with wealth to sing of the pleasures of life,
For wealth means pleasure and comfort and ease and others to carry you through;
But, given a life with mouths to feed and the means to be wrung from a strife,
With every man's hand against you, and the weight to be carried beside
Of the parasites hanging above you, and the best that you could do,
To endlessly labor—for what?—for the leave to labor on, till you died,
Would you feel that such a life would be a meed of endless delight?
But there is a pleasure and this it is, to labor on for the Right.

The world is raving, "keep still," to us; it has ever raved the same;
But thought is free and the way's to be cleared, so we're going to work it through.
Whoever a coward and faint-heart is, let him cow to the world and—shame!

But whoever has manhood, a warm heart and strength, whose nature is all true-blue,
Come on, we will go where the way is rough and try what good we can do.
We will go our way cheerily, boys, and laugh at the world's cold spite;
For there is a pleasure and this it is, to labor on for the Right.

Man never began on the path of progress to stop when he got thus far.
We have but started; we're going ahead, in spite of the piping voice
Of each poor, old croaker, who wheezes and whines, to whom every straw is a bar
That he cannot get over. Away with such. We will seize the banner, boys,
And go on mounting the hill of Hope, where a voice is crying, "Rejoice,
The morn is breaking, the world is waking." Cheerily send the cry
The world around to the farthest bound, till it pierces the farthest sky.
Onward, on! Never let up, while a tyrant is left in sight;
For there is a pleasure and this it is, to labor on for the Right.

IN A HUNDRED YEARS.

The world will be a better place,
In a hundred years.
We'll have a brighter, happier race,
In a hundred years.
The isms of old, the worn-out lies,
The ancient wrongs, like mist that flies,
Will melt in the rays of a new sun-rise,
In a hundred years.

A human soul will be higher priced,
In a hundred years.
The church will be converted to Christ,
In a hundred years.
There'll be more faith and less of creed,
Be more of honor and less of greed,
Be more of justice and less of need,
In a hundred years.

A better state will come to birth,
In a hundred years—
A vast republic of all the earth,
In a hundred years.

The reign of kings will be no more,
The thieves and priests, quit robbing the poor.
We'll know no longer the curse of war,
In a hundred years.

We'll have more substance and less of form
In a hundred years.
More love will keep the world's heart warm,
In a hundred years.
The laws will aim at the common good;
Religion will be for brotherhood;
And toil will be honored, as it should,
In a hundred years.

Our courts and rulers will be just,
In a hundred years;
Our law-makers honest—or so I trust—
In a hundred years.
The power of Mammon will pass away,
With the reign of gold—or thus I pray,—
While the world moves on to a grander day,
In a hundred years.

There'll be less misery and less wrong,
In a hundred years.
There'll be more gladness, there'll be more song,
In a hundred years.

Baptized in a new humanity,
Each man to man will a helper be;
And the toiling slaves will all go free,
In a hundred years.

Have I painted the world's face over-bright,
In a hundred years?
Well, better so than to picture blight,
In a hundred years.
We may as well in our dreams be blest,
For we, none of us, will know, at best;
We, all of us, will be long at rest,
In a hundred years.

A NEW THEME.

Let others sing the out-worn thoughts of old,
That o'er and o'er for centuries have been told,
And make a trade to grind them out for gold,
While, 'neath the ban
Of gross injustice, tyranny and wrong,
The People, who have borne and suffered long
Wait for some tongue to voice in burning song
The rights of man.

Let others pule of art; and, on their knees,
Before old forms and dust of dead decrees,
Search round for trash to foist on times like these;
When man has won
A height above those ages far and dim,
Where he can see, o'er the horizon's rim,
A golden light, proclaiming unto him
The coming sun.

But be these not my theme. There hangs for me
A harp within the future. Breezes free
Blow, and there comes a wild, sweet melody
Adown the wind.

The promise of that future I will sing,
That it, from present want and suffering,
May rise with balm and healing on its wing
For all mankind.

I see no good in singing what will not
Do good to men. Beauty and truth are brought
From the same source—the Impulse of our thought
To rise, not fall.
The souls of men yearn upward to the light,
After far voices calling through the night,
Up to the beautiful, the true, the right,
The good, the All.

I sing the coming race, the time to be,
When earth is happy and when men are free,
When Liberty born of fraternity—
That later birth
Of freedom—among men its lot shall cast;
And shine above the wrecks that strew the past;
And universal brotherhood at last
Shall bless the earth.

THE COMING OF LIBERTY.

The century is growing old.
His sands of life are falling fast.
A few more years will he behold,
And they will be his last.
The brightest of that long array,
He'll join the ages passed away.

Another king will take the throne;
And in his long and fruitful reign,
Mankind will come into its own
And rend its every chain.
Love will be highest. A new birth
Of freedom it will bring to earth.

You smile, hard-hearted, and you deem
That this is but a poet's glow;
A vision; an enthusiast's dream;
But wherefore should you know?
I tell you, through this life of man,
There is a purpose and a plan.

I tell you, past our human night,
The truths of God are shining on;

And we are near the breaking light
Of universal dawn.
Do you not see? Its glory drops
Upon the future's mountain-tops.

The struggles of the human host,
The tears, the anguish and the pain,
The fights for freedom, were not lost.
They have not been in vain.
They were the seed. Their fruits will be
A blessing to posterity.

The coming century will view
Their flowering; and with happy smiles
The earth will greet the vision new
From off her thousand isles.
'Midst plenty, happiness and peace,
Earth's sons will gather her increase.

The wars of blood will be no more.
A federation will extend
From land to land, from shore to shore;
A vast republic, blend
The different peoples into one,
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

A sweet religion will enthrall
All human hearts. It will be fed

From Jesus, Buddha, Plato, all
Of the unselfish dead;
All who have taught us truth and right,
All who have lent the world its light.

But, brothers, ere mankind may bask
In that sweet day, for each of you
There is a duty. To your task;
There's work that you must do.
Then send the word from land to land,
And form in an unbroken band.

Boldly proclaim and spread the light.
Let those deride the work who may.
They cannot stop the dawning bright
Of the oncoming day.
Heed not the light laugh or the scorn,
But set your faces toward the morn.

Forward! Let that cry ring around
The world. Within the bounds of change
And progress will a way be found.
A wonder, sweet and strange,
Will greet mankind, who then will see
The coming of true Liberty.

MORN.

The dew-drops sparkle on the meads.
The sun shines o'er the Eastern trees.
Amid the floweret's trembling beads,
I hear the humming bees;
And o'er the scene there is a spell,
And on my soul, I cannot tell.

Some thoughts there are too deep for words.
Some thoughts there are, and hopes and joys,
Meant for the happy notes of birds,
But not for human voice.
'Tis such I feel within me born,
When I go forth to meet the morn.

When I have felt upon my heart
Rest hard the lessons learned of men;
When I have felt the pain and smart
Still rankle in me, then
I've risen ere the East was gray,
To watch the rising of the day.

Beneath the dying stars I'd see
The rosy morning on the hills;